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## Advertisements.

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## Poetry.

GATHERED HOME.

Composed by Prof. C. S. Harrington, on the death of Rev. J. W. H. Ames, of the N. E. Conference.

Gathered home! In peaceful slumber  
Rest thee, brother, in the tomb  
With the throng that hath no number,  
Waiting till their Lord shall come.  
Sleep beneath these classic shades,  
Mid the graves of honored dead,  
Till the resurrection morn shall bring  
Where no parting tears are shed.  
Gathered home! from toil and fretting  
In the fevered rush of life;  
From numbering and forgetting;  
From the conflict and the strife.  
Lifted now the vail of earth,  
Broken now earth's stifling dream;  
Lo! the invisible made certain,  
On the home side of the stream.  
Gathered home! and thine the purpling  
Radiance of the heavenly morn—  
Over us the night-air floating,  
Gaze we toward the spirit gone.  
Thine the crown—the palm—the gladness;  
Thine the bursts of holy song;  
Ours the pall—the turf—the sadness,  
Pilgrims laid the mortal throng.  
Gathered home! hushed be our weeping,  
Blest our wounded hearts no more;  
One more shaft of God's own reaping,  
Garmented on the heavenly shore.  
Rest thee, brother, till the thunder  
Of the angel's trumpet boom  
Burst the bars of death's armor,  
And thy Saviour takes thee home.

For Zion's Herald.

"STILL ALIVE, BUT ONLY WAITING."  
The following lines were suggested by reading these words in the "Northern Light," on board the "Northern Light," while on voyage home, after being confined seven months in rebel prisons:

Still alive, but only waiting  
For the summons to depart;  
This the mortal lot, inditing  
Of a noble patriot heart.  
Dearest mother! shall I never  
Look upon your face again?  
But God's will be done, He never  
Cheers the heart in hours of pain.

Worn and by starvation wasted,  
Death, relentless death, no haste;  
Him to number with the dead,  
But, as quickly waited onward,  
Sped along the "Northern Light,"  
Bearing him, with others homeward,  
Hope's faint star again grew bright;

For he saw in fancy's vision,  
Home and loved ones drawing nigh;  
And he hoped these dreams of heaven  
Might be true, ere called to die.  
Then his lifeless eye grew brighter,  
As he nearer drew to home;  
And his sinking heart grew lighter,  
Thinking of the joys to come.

Soon, o'ercome by want and weakness,  
Death's cold chill came creeping on;  
Yet he could with Christian meekness,  
Calmly say, "God's will be done."  
Then, all earthly hopes resigning,  
Quietly he sank away,  
Like the calm and sweet declining  
Of a peaceful summer's day.

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East Greenwich, R. I. M. F. STANLEY.

## Correspondence.

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Young "L" was loyal, but his father refused to take the oath of allegiance to the government, and consequently was exposed to the deprivations of the army. Reduced at last to the direct necessities, young "L" took his boat and attempted to run the blockade to obtain provisions for the suffering family. He was unsuccessful, and his boat fell into the hands of the blockading force. Upon his exertions, though a mere boy, his family were made dependent for support during the four years of war; of their struggles for the bare necessities of life through this dark period it would be impossible to give any just description. This and many other instances of Southern history can never be fully understood by those who only hear or read of them; and while many may feel and say that these sufferings are richly merited, we shall all do well to remember that not one but would shrink from the sufferings which were dealt with in strict justice, untempered by mercy; while, as in this case, the innocent must often suffer with the guilty.

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Sadly I looked upon the thin, wasted form, the hardships and privations that had not power to conquer the brave, energetic spirit, had so pitilessly destroyed. In the North we have suffered in sending those we loved to the defense of our country, but we have not been pinching them shut in as close and closer in their grasp, till starvation was the only prospect before us. Our homes and our substance have been safe from the plunderings of lawless men, and we have scarcely had need to ask, "What shall we eat," or "where shall we be clothed," so freely and easily have these constantly recurring wants been met even among the poorest of our people. It is well that we inquire, "Who hath made us so

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Since my arrival here my circle of friends has been slowly widening, yet is select enough to satisfy the most fastidious; though small in number, I do not think I could have called a more desirable or congenial company if I had gone as a connoisseur through the village. The reader, however, who has been so long leaving for all the questions of the world, it is only those whose independence is equal to their principles that belong to our set.

If I have received the frowns of many, if I have caused frequent stampedes by coming unconsciously in the vicinity of some unaccompanied friend, if an accidental collision has caused a ceremonial shaking of skirts, if dress folds have been carefully withdrawn, if I have been cheered, whistled, groaned, cursed, squeezed, and hissed at on the streets, if I have furnished food for all the scandal-mongers of both sexes in the place, and heard my name circulated in connection with words that would make any pure-minded woman shudder, I have had the consciousness that my work to benefit the fallen is pleasing in His sight who has said, "Blessed are ye when men shall persecute you, and revile you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake; rejoice, for exceeding great is your reward in heaven." I have been thinking of the words of the *Herald* have a desire to know the full meaning of this passage, they have only to go South as the friends of the colored people to learn this and many other practical scripture lessons that years of gospel hearing might fail to impart.

Eight months has glided rapidly away in this delightful work, during which time nearly three hundred have enjoyed and improved well the privilege of attending the school. I have seen many who did not know how to read before; and many who did not know how to write; and many who did not know how to do arithmetic, and many who did not know how to do geography; and many who did not know how to do the general improvement in personal appearance, etc., was most gratifying. I was looking forward to the successful closing of my year's labor among them, when the sudden death of the best of earthly friends called me home six weeks earlier than I had expected to go. No friends could have been kinder or more attentive than the little company whom I had learned to love and prize here during the last sad hours of my stay at C. C. Sadly I turned my face homeward, where I am never more to receive a mother's warm welcome, for I am motherless. O.

When the loved ones gathered round him,  
When he reached his childhood's home,  
Death in icy chains had bound him,  
For the angels whispered, "Come!"  
And beside his martyred brother,  
Was his body laid to rest;  
But his soul had fled to other  
Climes, to dwell among the blest.

Happy soul! thy toils are ended,  
All thy sufferings are o'er;  
Henceforth thou art at home,  
Dwelling on the golden shore.  
There thy mother soon will meet thee,  
Whom thou lovedst on earth so well,  
Where no sorrow ever greet thee,  
But where peace and pleasure dwell